

Five Excellent New Songs.

1568 / 1016
(9)
The Banks of the Dee, T

WITH THE
ANSWER.

THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

he last Time I came o'er the Muir.

JACK AT THE OPERA.



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(2)

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'T WAS summer and softly the breezes
were blowing,

And sweetly the nightengale sung from the
tree, [flowing,

At the foot of a rock where the river was
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on sweet river,
Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me
ever,

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he is gone from me, and left me
thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hopes of his speedy
returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone helpless youth o'er the rude roar-
ing billows, -[willows,

And left me to stray amongst these once lov'd
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet
restore him,

Blest peace may restore my kind shepherd
to me;

And when he returns with such care I'll
watch o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the
Dee.

The Dee then shall flow all its beauties displaying,

The lambs on its banks shall again be seen
playing,

While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

THE ANSWER.

THY voice, my dear jewel, the winds
have waft to me,

Tho' now at great distance at this time we be,
But yet I hope soon that time will restore me,
When happy we'll be on the banks of the Dee.

Thy purling streams thou sweet turning river,
Where I and my Jean shall be happy ever;
It was the first spot where she gained my favour
And call'd me her love and the pride of the
Dee.

It was in our youth when these sweet banks
were haunted,

And sported together with innocent glee,
So happy we were that no pleasure we wanted
No mortals more happy than Jenny and me.

Flow on, thou sweet stream, nor cease thy
running,

And, by thy sweet murmurs, tell Jenny I'm
coming,

We've beat the proud rebels, who from us
are running,

And soon I shall taste the sweets of the *Dee*.

Then the lambs on the banks shall again be
seen playing,

The streams of the fountain shall then run
more clear,

Pray, my dearest Jenny, think not I'm de-
laying,

I hasten with victory to my young dear.

Tell these pretty lambs, that Jenny is com-
ing,

Then I'll reap with joy and bless the good
in hopes that soon after some good news is
coming,

When we meet again on the banks of the *Dee*.

THE GODDESS OF BEAUTY.

BRIGHT as Phœbus in her glory,

are my charmer's glitt'ring eyes,

Far excelling goddess Flora,

when in spring she does arise.

Fairer than the fairest lilies,
 bright as silver is her hair ;
 Such delights in charming Phillis,
 never, never could appear.
 Her sweet cheeks doth cause the roses,
 to bow down unto the stalk,
 Shameful makes the blushing posies,
 when she does in gardens walk.
 I will build my love a bower,
 she shall have a fragrant couch,
 Made of all the sweetest flowers,
 where no danger it shall touch.
 Should I make a crown of roses,
 when her hands the same receives,
 Then 'twould look like faded posies,
 or a heap of wither'd leaves.
 Thus she does surpass all nature,
 she is prudent, chaste and wise,
 She is not a mortal creature,
 But a goddess in disguise.

The last Time I came o'er the Muir.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my love behind me ;
 Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
 When soft Ideas mind me

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

By Mr. Dibdin.

AT Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail *Mog*,
 She had just shap'd her course to the play ;
 Of two *Rums* and one *Water* I order'd my Grog,
 And to speak her soon stood under way ;
 But the Hay market I for old *Drury* mistook,
 Like a Lubber so raw and so soft,
 Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
 Man'd the ratlings, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
 With many a Coxcomb and Flirt,
 Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
 I thought ther'd been some body hurt ;

But the devil a bit,—'twas your outlandish tips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;
You'd have sworn you'd been taking of one of the tips
'Mongst the Officers, or wild Catabaw;

What's the play ma'am? said I, to a good-natur'd wit
"The Play!—'tis the *Uproar*, you Quiz."

My timbers cry'd I, the right name on't you've hit;
For the Devil's own *Uproar* it is:

For they pipe and they squeel, now alow, now aloft,
If it want for the *Perticoat Geer*,

With their squeaking so Mollyish, tender, and soft;
One should scarce know *Ma'am* from *Monsieur*.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat;

And *spissiously* one curious Madam-a-felle,

Oh! she daintily handled her feet:

But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so
queer,

'Twas you see, rather oddish to me;

And so I sung out,—pray be decent, my dear;

Consider I'm just come from sea.

'Tant an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes,

So away to the Play-house I'll jog,

Leaving all your fine *Bantams* and ma'am *Parises*

For old Billy *Shakespear* and *Mog*;

So I made to the Play-house, and hail'd my dear spouse

She smil'd as she saw me approach;

And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows;

We to Wapping set sail in a Coach.

R I N I S.

